

AFTER DEATH.

At first when my face shall be changed, and
To dwell in a silence that can not be
broken.
A few whom I love will lament me, I know,
And eyes will be dim when my name shall
be spoken.

Many have blamed me, their censures will
cease,
For when the full light of eternity shines,
There's nothing to do but to rejoice of men,
And no one can live with a handful of
ashes.

But O, to be gone from the home that was
mine,
With no more a share in its joys or its sor-
row,
My part in its plans to forever resign.
No thought of today and no care for to-
morrow.

All this is beyond me. How strange it will be
To go on a journey that has no returning,
With your dear spirit speeding on without me
To gladden or grieve when the sunsets are
burning.

The children will leap their light weight on
the floor,
To speak my name, and to question and
ponder
What 'tis to be there in the darkness alone
Through moonlight and starlight and rolling
of thunder.

But then in a moment come butterfly
flights
With her above them and child-like de-
lighting.
With beautiful wings it will lure them away
And they will forget all the steps have been
saying.

But I shall not put only there in my place,
The slumber a part of my life and my story;
Till some time the morning will flash in my
face,
And I shall awake to its gladness and glory.
—Edna M. H. Goss, in N. Y. Evangelist.

OUR MUSIC TEACHER.

A Womanly Heart Just Saved
from Bitterness.

I was not a Roman Catholic, but I
liked to go to that service, particularly
after the new church was built, which
pleased my eye with its pure beauty,
and appealed to my recollections in a
way, faint, to be sure, but delightful
to me. In those glorious mornings I
would hurry along the streets, hug-
ging my cloak about me, the keen air
bringing the crimson to my face, my
eyes idly searching hither and thither
under hats and bonnets for a face that
should strike my imagination, and about
which I could weave strange, fanciful
histories. Thus I walked on till I came
to the less thickly inhabited portion of
the city. Sharp breezes came from the
bay, whose scintillating surface was
now in sight across the flats of land
not yet built up. I turned rapidly
round the corner, and came in sight of
the church which was my destination.
I looked with admiration at its heavy
stone facade; I did not even scorn the
fingers that dipped into the holy water
in the vestibule. My childhood had
been spent in Montreal, close by its
imposing cathedral, and the glittering,
impressive ceremonies enacted there
had remained in my memory like the
shining phantasm of a dream. So, with
all my conscious pride of intellect and
education, I could never despise the
devotees of that religion.

I stood just within the door that led
from the vestibule, glancing through
the new canvas, watching the degrees
of devotion on each face as each
forehead was bedewed with holy water.
The majority of the countenances were
those of working people—some pretty
—now and then an aristocratic form
and dress swept up to the marble basin,
and then passed me to the seats of the
church, leaving a slight perfume behind.
The lights at the altar were gleaming
out below the picture of the *Mater Im-*
maculata. I was about turning to find
a seat, when a slender figure came up
the steps. Here was a face to dream
about. If I had come twice as far this
cold morning, I should have been re-
paid by the interest this girl instantly
excited. She was not dressed like the
wealthy people who had passed me,
but she was more thoroughly an aris-
tocrat than any of them. Her clothes
were almost poor, but worn with that
manner which the well dressed would
have envied. Was she a Catholic?

As she came up I caught the gleam
of a rosary of pearls at her belt,
whose heavy red gold fastenings were in
entire contrast with the rest of her dress.
But she did not stop to sanctify her-
self with the holy water, though she
half passed, as if feeling an inclination
to do so, then came through the door
and stood near me, waiting for a seat.
She, too, was a stranger. I stood fur-
tively watching the face of the girl.
A proud, dark face, not naturally pale,
but pallid now, from suffering. I
thought; handsome with the full lips,
albeit so colorless now, and its hazel
eyes, though they looked cold and dis-
tant now—cool with that hopeless, dis-
trustful look that must have been
caused by pain. In some people such
life struggles as I imagined for this
girl would have given a pleading, sup-
plicating expression. For her they
were doing worse; they were freezing
a nature passionate and impulsive. In
a moment a gentleman came up and
asked:

"Would you like a seat, miss—and
your friend?"

The question was addressed to me. I
bowed assent, feeling more pleased than
the occasion would warrant, in think-
ing that this stranger would sit with
me. We both followed our conductor,
and sat down side by side as the first
peal of the organ burst on the air. My
companion did not kneel, though she
followed the service in a little velvet-
bound prayer-book. It seemed to me
that I had never heard much finer
organ music, but I was so intent upon
watching this girl that it rolled on
comparatively unheeded by me. She
leaned forward, shading her eyes with
her hand, her mouth growing sadder
and sadder, till I thought I should cry,
just looking at those lips. At last a
tear dropped on the leaves of her book.
I turned away my head; it seemed
hardly right for me to look at grief
which I had no power to assuage.
The monotonous tones of the priest rang
through the church, and the responses
of the organ and choir awakened in my
heart that old romance of religion

which stands ready to spring into life
at the least of the human ritual.

When I again looked at the stranger
her face was pale, her eyes looking
steadfastly forward, no trace of tears
on that laughing, downy face. The
first peal of music, and the stage-gre-
gations ceased and began to move toward
the door. Could I not comfort this
girl who appeared so strange, so
sympathetic almost to my sister?
I was wealthy; perhaps I spoiled
child of too indulgent parents. The
thoughts that flashed through my mind
were more selfish than those. I con-
fessed to myself that my wish to know
the stranger sprang first from my de-
sire to gratify myself in knowing her.
We had both waited till the greater
part of the people had gone. She
turned to leave the pew. No longer
trying to resist the impulse that pos-
sessed me, I stepped nearer and laid
my hand lightly on her shoulder. She
looked up with a movement of question-
ing surprise; her eyes met mine, and
gave gentle as she looked.

"Pardon me, and do let me help
you," I exclaimed, in a low voice,
holding her gaze with my eyes, that
must have shown how sincere were my
words.

Her eyelids drooped, not with anger
at my intrusion, but because her soul
was looking too freely from its beauti-
ful windows. The fingers that held the
prayer-book clasped closely round it.

"You are kind, very kind," she mur-
mured, and I knew that her voice
accorded with her face; "but"—she lifted
her eyes for an instant to my face—
"but I do not know how you can help
me. But you have helped me; your
words have strengthened and re-
freshed me. I shall not forget you."

She spoke rapidly, as though only so
could she command her voice. As she
ceased speaking, she made a movement
to leave me. I detained her.

"If you think me kind, why do you
reject my kindness?" I said. "You
have perceived that I am sincere. Do
not leave me. Let me walk with you;
it is not right for you to refuse me."

I spoke with vehemence, for indeed
I was impulsively in earnest. She
tastefully assented, and we left the church
together.

"I do not know why you have had
the power to melt my reserve," she
said, "but I feel willing to tell you of
the troubles that have come upon me.
Perhaps you have guessed that I am a
Southern girl. Parents, fortune, hap-
piness, all have been destroyed in this
war. I was sent North, supported by
money my father gave me, until he was
killed. Since then I do not know how
I have lived. For the last months I
have been trying to get some sort of a
situation which would support me.
But I have no recommendation. Who
would interest children to an utter
stranger?"

"You wish to be a governess?" I in-
terrupted, eagerly.

"I would rather be a music teacher,"
she replied; "for that I know I am fit-
ted—but I feel more uncertain in re-
gard to being able to teach children
that which is the duty of governesses.
I was educated at a convent, and par-
ticular attention was paid to music,
for my tastes all led in that direction."

While I listened, I was deciding on
the proposition to make her. She
looked, and almost stepped in her
walk, saying:

"I do not recognize myself in this
speaking to a stranger. Doubtless I
increased my natural reserve."

We were at a corner, and she ex-
tended her hand.

"Let your dreams to-night be of the
good you have done," she said, her lips
curving sweetly as she spoke.

"Do you go down this street?" I
asked. She bowed. "If you leave me
now," I continued, "at least promise
to call and see me to-morrow. I believe
I can get you a situation."

Her eyes shone at the hope. She
took my card with subdued eagerness,
pressed the hand that gave it, and
walked quickly away.

"To what absurd church have you
been this morning?" asked my moth-
er, when I came down to dinner that
day. She was in full outdoor dress,
having just returned from listening to
the Rev. Dr. —, the minister, par-
excellence, of the creme de la creme,
to whose discourses I very seldom lis-
tened.

"To the new Catholic, my mother,"
I replied, sitting down, inwardly hop-
ing that she would not scold me for
not accompanying her.

"What, way out there! Did you
walk?"

"Yes, all the way."
"How odd of you. You don't know
how much you missed in not being at
our church. Dr. — had such a
sweet sermon—and young Varena was
there with the Chapman girls. You
know he's just from Europe, and is
looking perfectly splendid. Wonder
if one of those girls expects to catch
him? Mrs. Chapman will do her best
to secure him—doubtless he'll fall into
the trap. We must give a party on
purpose to have him here. He'll be
overwhelmed with invitations. When
shall it be?"

I had hardly listened to her talk till
I felt conscious of the question she had
asked. I looked up in some bewilder-
ment, saying:

"Excuse me—what is it you say?"
"You never listen to me," she ex-
claimed, petulantly. "I was telling
you about Marmaduke Varena. He is
the best part in town, and I was say-
ing that we must give a party for him.
I do wish you would take some interest
in what I say."

"But, mother, I don't know Mr.
Varena," I said, deprecatingly; "be-
sides, I was thinking of some one else."
I continued, boldly resolved to tell her
my thoughts now.

She looked perfectly indifferent as to
what were my thoughts, and I said:
"Are you not curious about my med-
itations, mother?"

She looked across the table at me,
and asked kindly, for with all her friv-
olousness, she was kind:

"What is it? Some ragged urchin
whom you met on your way to church?
Am I to patronize him, make him foot-
man, butler, or what?"

I laughed at the half alarm displayed
in my mother's face.

"I see you think me an eccentric phil-
anthropist," I said, "but I'm going

to be useful this time. I've found a
music teacher for Annie."

"What do you propose doing with
Mr. Delorme?" asked my mother.
"But he hasn't suited you," I said.
"You complain every time he gives
Annie her lesson. This girl whom I
have seen is coming here to-morrow,
when, if you like her, you can engage
her directly; and, if you please, mother,
I wish her to live here in the house—
like a lady, too, for she is one," I con-
cluded, emphatically.

"Who is she? What is her name?
She has recommendations, I suppose?"
"I don't know who she is; and you
will not be particular about references."

"Oh, I shall not!" cried my mother,
a little scornfully. "I must then solicit
this unknown to become an inmate of
our house, and be very, grateful if she
consents."

"Oh, no!" I exclaimed; "it is she
who will be grateful. Be your own
kind self, mother, and give this girl a
trial. It can do us no harm, and can
not fail of doing her good."

"But, how am I to know what influ-
ence she may have upon Annie?"
"She may be one of those excessively low
people," responded my mother in a
half yielding tone.

"No, indeed—for, as the story books
say, she has seen better days."

"Ah! in that case I will see her. Had
you not better go to church with me
this afternoon, and wear that exquisite
new bonnet? Varena will be there,
and so much depends on a first impres-
sion."

I went to service with my mother,
but, unfortunately, Varena was not
present, and consequently the execu-
tion of my new bonnet would have effect-
ed was reserved for a future time, or
forever.

In my hurry I had forgotten to ap-
point an hour for the stranger to call,
and as I was obliged to go out, I was
in a continual fear lest she should come
while I was away. I hurried my
mother through her shopping, at the
risk of making her out of humor at her
interview with the expected music
teacher. Fortunately, however, my
mother had been to lunch, and was in
her boudoir idly discussing our
happies when the bell rang, and a
servant came up to say that there was
a lady below who wished to see Miss
Romaine.

"Did she say what her business was?"
inquired my mother, as I rose to de-
scend to the drawing-room.

"Something about giving music les-
sons, ma'am," was the answer.

"It is she, then?" I exclaimed, mov-
ing toward the door, but was arrested
by my mother's saying:

"Show her up here."

I stood waiting to receive her, feel-
ing almost as anxious, I thought, as the
stranger herself. The girl paused at
the door, her face lightening up as she
saw me into a brilliance which was the
most exquisite compliment that could
have been offered.

"This is the lady of whom I told you,
mother," I said.

I knew that my mother would notice
the quiet, perfect good breeding with
which the girl responded to her greet-
ing.

"Please be seated, Miss —," said
my mother, with as much suavity as
though she were addressing one of her
own circle. However vain and friv-
olous my mother was, she was always
polite, with that genuine kindness of
heart which is the soul of politeness.

"My name is Kent," she said. "Your
daughter has probably told you that I
am in search of a situation as music
teacher."

The light of her face had died away;
she was mechanically repeating the old
story.

"Yes; I wish to engage a teacher for
my little girl. You could teach on the
organ and piano, I presume?"

"Yes; and harp and guitar, also."

"And vocal music?"

"Yes, madam."

"Would you mind playing a little to
us on the piano there?"

Miss Kent rose and went to the
piano. She glanced at the music lying
there, then sat down and played. Her
playing was perfection, it seemed to
me, but I knew instantly that she was
not in the mood; that to play thus on
trial did not summon the soul to her
music. Her knowledge, her touch,
were incomparable, and I hoped some
day to feel the thrill of enthusiasm at
that touch.

"Delorme can not play like that, can
he, Mabel?" asked my mother, turning
with a pleased face to me.

At that moment a servant entered
with some cards. My mother looked
at them, and exclaimed:

"The Chapmans and Mr. Varena! Come
down, Mabel, as quickly as possible.

Engage Miss Kent, and ask her to
make her home here, as you wished.
I would like to have you come to-mor-
row, Miss Kent. For the present,
good-bye; and she hurried from the
room."

I did as my mother requested. I
had only to look in Miss Kent's face to
be assured of her gratitude. I knew
the obstacle her pride would be to our
attempts to make her entirely our
equal, one of our family. My mother
liked her; my little sister Annie was
enthusiastic in her affection as possible.

Insensibly Miss Kent grew less re-
served, her face had more color, more
the animation of happiness. She left
the parlors when company was an-
nounced, and disliked to return unless
requested to furnish music; then she
regarded it as a duty, and always com-
plied.

"You have a very peculiar governess,
Miss Romaine," said the elder Miss
Chapman, as she stood by my side
looking toward the far end of the
drawing-room, where Miss Kent sat at
the piano, surrounded by a group of
our visitors, and with Marmaduke
Varena bending over her, turning the
leaves of her music with an air widely
different from one of polite indiffer-
ence.

"She is not strictly a governess," I
replied. "But in what is she peculiar?"
"She actually acts and looks as if
she were among equals, instead of su-
periors," was the contemptuous answer.
I yielded to the temptation of repli-
cating:

"She is certainly a lady. It is evi-
dent that Mr. Varena thinks her one,
and he, you know, is a gentleman."

Miss Chapman's eyes scintillated with
anger. I wondered if she were really
engaged to Mr. Varena, as report said.
I looked at that gentleman. His tall,
graceful form was still bending over
Miss Kent; he did not lose an opportu-
nity of murmuring something in her
ear, utterly forgetful that the watchful
Chapmans were present. His dark face
and gray eyes were animated and
pleased. Thus much I could see in the
mirror which reflected both their forms.
I could not distinguish the expression
of Miss Kent's countenance. I fancied,
however, that she was distant, yet
sweet; that Varena found her undescr-
ibably fascinating, as I had done.

This was several months after
Miss Kent had come to our home.
Every time he had called,
and he had taken occasion to call
quite often. He was fertile in expedi-
ents for getting Miss Kent called down;
and had I been Miss Chapman, I
should, perhaps, have felt something of
the angry suspicion which she gen-
erally concealed. I was coming along
the upper hall one day, when the bell
rang, and some one was admitted. I
hesitated for a moment about going
down, and heard Mr. Varena's voice in a
low tone, and the melodious tones of
Miss Kent in reply.

Evidently Miss Kent had been pass-
ing through the hall as Varena had en-
tered.

"I came to see you, Miss Kent," he
said, hurriedly. "I heard you saying
to Miss Romaine the other day that
you had never been on a sleigh-ride.
It is excellent sleighing; my cutter is
at the door; if you are not engaged, do
please favor me."

His voice was beseeching. I imag-
ined Miss Kent's face gave no assent.
"You are very good, but I must
give Annie her lesson; and indeed, Mr.
Varena, I can not go with you."

"I was not in her usual self-possessed
tone that she replied; in her accent I
discovered that Varena was not wholly
indifferent to her. I knew the fearful
conflict which heart and pride would
fight before she would acknowledge,
even to herself, that she loved him."

"Then you do not wish to go?" His
voice was unconsciously reproachful,
and full of respect. "I have escaped
a hundred engagements that I might
give myself this pleasure."

"But, Mr. Varena, have I not told
you that my pupil awaits me? Good-
morning."

She moved away and put her hand
on the dining-room door.

"Miss Kent!"—he followed her—"at
least your pupil will not prevent your
accepting these."

I had listened. Not till I heard the
outer door shut behind Varena, was I
conscious of it, it had all passed so
quickly. I commenced descending the
stairs, and met Miss Kent coming up
to her room. She held a single snowy
cape jasmine, with its glossy green
leaves. There was a glow, a softened
splendor on her face that made it ab-
solutely beautiful, still it was sad. I
thought she had gone to the dining-
room, or I should have returned to my
own room.

"Mr. Varena has just been here,"
she said, with lowered eyes.

"And has left a fragrant reminder,"
I responded, passing quickly by her.

I felt troubled to a degree that sur-
prised me. My impression of Mr.
Varena was very favorable, but I felt
almost sure that he was engaged to
Miss Chapman—every body talked of it.
Even if he were not, it was highly
improbable that he would marry the
obscure Miss Kent; still more improb-
able that she would accept him, should
he offer himself. I had the utmost
faith in Miss Kent's discretion, but I
disliked that people should couple her
name with that of Varena, in a way
that would have led one to believe who
did not know her, that Varena was
flirting with her for his own amuse-
ment. It was only a few days ago, at
a party, that I heard one young man re-
mark to another:

"There goes Varena down the dance
with Miss Chapman. Do you notice
his envious air?"

"Of course; every body notices it.
Only let a certain pair of dark eyes ap-
pear upon the scene, and you will see
his envious disappear. It is not likely he
will marry that Miss Kent, but he is
most romantically smitten with her. He
is growling round Mrs. Romaine's half
his time."

"And Miss Kent—how is she af-
fected?"

"Can't say—flattered, of course,
though."

"Let him let the governess alone,"
said the first speaker, indignantly.
"It's not honorable in him."

May had softened the skies, and al-
most began to make the city stifled
and disagreeable. Miss Kent was losing
the color that had come to her face
when she came to us. Unless urged
very much, she never came into the
parlor when any one was there. Varena
himself began to look haggard and un-
happy, but he still came to our house,
gloomy and disappointed, in spite of
the smiles of Miss Chapman.

My mother sent up for me one morn-
ing, saying that Mr. Varena and Miss
Chapman were below. I had just en-
tered Miss Kent's room when the mes-
sage reached me. She was not there,
and as I turned to leave, I saw a di-
rected envelope on the table. It was
my own name on the letter. I caught
it up, and commenced reading it as I
went down stairs.

I burst into the parlor uncon-
sciously, hurriedly greeting the visi-
tors, and exclaiming, as I walked to
where my mother sat:

"Miss Kent is gone!"

It was not my mother who started in
the intensest surprise and fear. Varena
was at my side before the words had
hardly been uttered.

"Let me see the note!" he said, au-
thoritatively.

The expression of his face forbade
me to refuse him had I wished to do so.
He read the lines I had just read:

"It is imperative for my happiness that I
go from here, for a while, at least. You are
too noble, you know my heart too well to
think me ungrateful."

"Varena's name," I should say she was
ungrateful," spoke Miss Chapman,
who had read the note over Varena's
shoulder.

Varena's face was sharp and stern,
as he rudely turned toward her, and
said:

"Fool! You know nothing of her."

Miss Chapman's anger blazed forth
uncontrolled.

"And you, sir? Perhaps you are her
confidant?"

"Varena's self-possession returned—the
instant Miss Chapman's forked her."
"Unfortunately, no; but I am her
friend. As such, I shall seek her in-
stantly. She must not brave the world
a second time alone."

He turned from her, bowed to my
mother, and went towards the door. I
followed him, feeling my admiration
welling up into enthusiasm. Now he
seemed worthy of Miss Kent. But
why had he not acted like this before?
Would it have prevented Miss Kent
from going away?

When we were out of the hearing of
those in the parlor, I said:

"Mr. Varena, are you engaged to
Miss Chapman?"

His eyes were clear and honest as he
replied:

"No. Have I acted as if I were?"
"But the world says so."

"Yes, thanks to the machination of
Mrs. Chapman, and because I have
made it my home there since my re-
turn from Europe. Mr. Chapman is
my cousin, and almost the only rela-
tive I have in the world. Have you
any idea where Miss Kent has gone?"

He asked, abruptly dropping the dis-
tasteful subject.

"Not the slightest. Promise me to
find her."

"Promise you! Does not my own
life depend upon it?"

"Why had you not, then, offered
your life?" I could not resist saying.
"Did it require a shock to make you
know how dear she is?"

The sorrow upon his face haunted me
long after he had gone.

"I have offered her the only love of
my life, and she refused it," he said.

He bowed over my hand and went
away. I feared his task was hopeless.
How could he ever find her? I did not
know the power and perseverance of
the man. I wished that I could have
given him some hope of her love. For
myself, I felt sure that she loved him.
It seemed to me that, if I could see her,
I would break down this false pride
that prevented her making happy the
man whom she loved, and who was
worthy of it.

Society discovered that Miss Kent,
Mrs. Romaine's music teacher, had
disappeared, and that Marmaduke
Varena had gone after her, and society
had its customary laugh and sneer;
and Miss Chapman married a million-
aire twice as old as she. I expected to
hear from either Varena or Miss Kent.
I was disappointed and grieved that I
did not. Had Varena given over the
pursuit? Had Miss Kent forgotten
me?

Nearly two years after Varena had
left us so abruptly, I was standing with
a group of ladies and gentlemen at a
party given by an acquaintance. Sudden-
ly my hand, which hung by my side,
was clasped close by warm, slender
fingers. The action was not usual at a
fashionable party. There seemed
something familiar in that clasp. I
turned quickly, and met the eyes of
Miss Kent. I had thought her beauti-
ful in her days of poverty; now she
was magnificent. She drew me aside,
and asked:

"Why did you go?" as though she
had just left me.

"You must have guessed?"—
"Because if you had remained, love
would have conquered pride?" I said.

"Yes."

"And now? Ah, I see. Happiness
only could have made you so radiant.
Varena found you. But you neglected
me shamefully."

"I wrote to you several times, and
at last thought you had forgotten me;
—no, I did not think that; but I re-
ceived no answer."